

Animals

OUR DUMB





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Animals

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Investment in Kindness

MANY friends of our Society are anxious to give financial aid for the continuance of our work, but must at the same time be thrifty. Only a few of our members can make substantial gifts without seriously endangering their financial security in their old age, and many others wishing to help have found our Annuity contracts to be the solution to their problem.

Under our Annuity Contract Plan, an income is guaranteed the donor by a financially sound corporation, the work of which dates from the year 1868. Such a gift will not be subject to market fluctuations, and money given while the donor lives can never be diverted to any other purpose. Money so given to the Society is permanently carried on its records as a gift under the name of the donor, and all investments of it are made and supervised by our three Trustees—leading bankers in Boston.

While it is true that the commercial annuity companies may give a somewhat larger rate of interest, the money given them goes into a purely business concern. Money given to this Society ultimately serves the cause for which it stands.

Members and friends interested in our Annuity Plan are invited, without obligation, to write for additional information and rates. Send us the date of your birth and the amount of money you might give, and we will gladly forward the information you may desire, with a specimen form of agreement showing all particulars.

An Annuity gift to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. is, indeed, an Investment in Kindness.

E. H. H.



Two "bloodsatians" ready for the search, with Constable F. E. Hyland and Constable R. N. Throsby

Airborne Police Dogs

By W. J. Banks

AUSTRALIAN police dogs ride the skyways of the vast Southern Commonwealth in comfort. "Nemesis," the appropriately named Avro-Anson five-passenger aircraft adapted for use by the New South Wales Police, has a special compartment to carry dogs trained for tracking purposes. These dogs are by no means used exclusively in helping to capture escaped or suspected criminals. Their mission as often as not is one of mercy.

Word comes, for instance, that a small girl from an isolated "station" or ranch has been lost in the bush. Constable R. N. Throsby, in charge of the police kennels, loads one or more dogs into

the plane—and they are just as eager as every other dog at the prospect of a ride! On arrival at the nearest landing place to the area of the search, the dogs are unloaded and, after learning the scent of the lost child at her home, accompany the search parties which are often directed by means of walkie-talkie equipment, from a mobile police radio van.

The New South Wales airborne police dogs are known as "bloodsatians," cross-breeds who combine the bloodhound's unrivalled tracking nose with the intelligence, eagerness to learn and other merits of the Alsatian, widely used in police work.

Here and There

We are blind until we see
That in the universal plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make the man.
Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilted goes?
In vain we build the world
Unless the builder also grows.

—Edwin Markham

OUR treatment of animals will some day be considered barbarous. There cannot be perfect civilization until man realizes that the rights of every living creature are as sacred as his own.

—David Starr Jordan

THE obligations of Law and Equity reach only to mankind, but Kindness and Beneficence should be extended to the creatures of every species, and these will flow from the breast of a true man, as the streams that issue from the living fountain.

—Plutarch

OUR life is not a book, with old age the last chapter. Rather it is a series of short stories — each with its own adventures and consummations. Struggle and rest are phases of our lives at every stage. One kind of struggle is always ending, perhaps but another is beginning; the same is true of intellectual and spiritual growth, of practical and artistic achievements.

—George Lawton

A bird in the hand is a certainty, but the bird in the bush may sing!

—Francis Bret Harte

THE Man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who can't read them.

—Mark Twain

WHEN a man is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained the facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

King Eb Plays Host

By Helen L. Renshaw

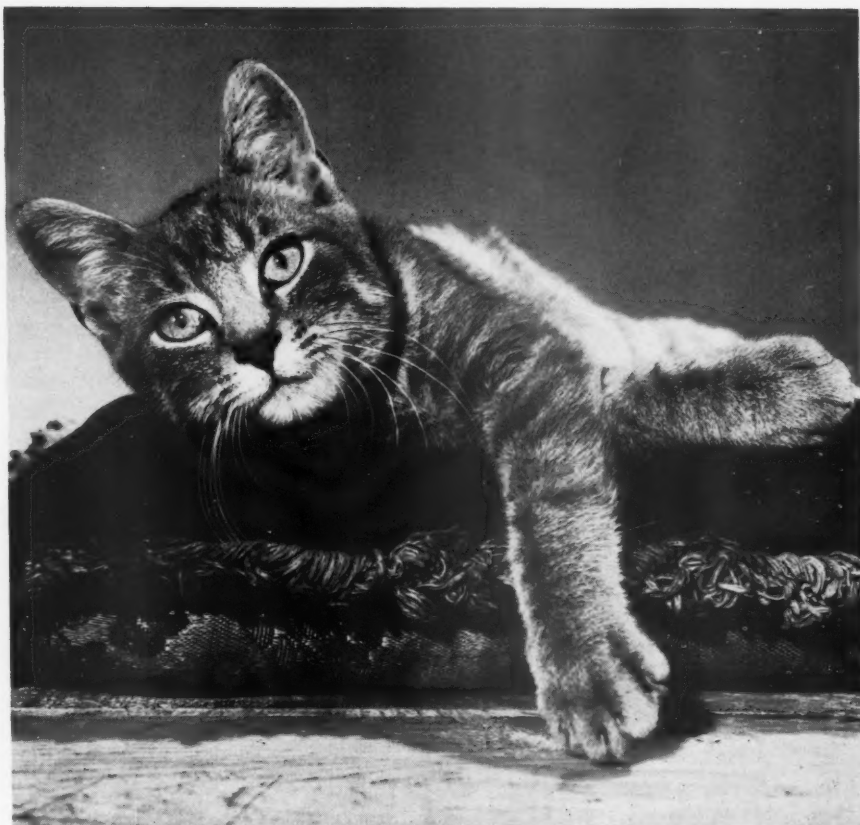
THE largest and most magnificent cat I ever met was in a theater. He was of astounding proportions and his enormous almond eyes were twin emeralds. Although the down-town theater was located in a section where soot and grime took its toll on anything even pretending to be light in color, I never once saw this animal when his coat was not glistening.

"Eb," or Ebenezer, as he was known more formally, reigned supreme in the theater lobby. In the very center of the large foyer, where he could comfortably watch both aisles and entrance, the management had placed a plump sapphire-blue cushion. Velvet, if you please. Some usherette had painstakingly attached four golden tassels to the cushion corners.

Although the theater played a full schedule, noon until midnight, Eb was on duty regularly. He took his part of "host" most seriously.

"I sometimes think my patrons come to visit Eb rather than the theater," the manager was wont to complain with rueful pride.

Eb was friendly—but not too friendly. Dignity, condescension, authority, responsibility—Eb could express all of these with a single rump of his sleek back or a bored blink from those green eyes. He permitted a few to stroke him. Elderly patrons were those most usually honored in this manner. The young fry



—Photo by Marion Pease

Reigning supreme on his throne, the "host" watches the passers-by with a discriminating air.

and coke-age goers were eyed with slight disdain or even annoyance. Yet, Eb was never known to scratch or nip a child's eager experimental hand.

I was curious about an old man who approached the box office and was given the signal to enter without a ticket. When I inquired, I was informed that the paper sack the gentleman carried so carefully contained delicate morsels for Eb. Fish trimmings, bits of liver—these were Ebenezer's favorite foods.

"But surely Eb serves more practical purposes than official host," I queried.

"Oh, yes!" the doorman told me proudly. "From midnight till noon Eb sheds his life of ease. He prowls the ante-rooms, lofts and darkest corners. Most successfully, I assure you."

"A regular Jekyll and Hyde existence," I murmured.

The doorman nodded quite seriously. "Eb comes nearer to earning his keep than most of us do," he confided.

"What will happen when Eb reaches the end of his nine cat-lives?" I ventured timidly.

The man looked shocked and then horrified. He shook his head sadly. "I

can't even imagine," he told me mournfully.

Then he reminisced. "Once in a distant town in a theater, I met another cat host. Nothing to compare with our Eb, of course," he put in quickly. "This animal was known as 'Charlie.' He was prominent in the foyer and sized up patrons. He had many fans, much as Ebenezer. Well, one day he came to an end—old age." The doorman sighed. "The gloom that hung over that theater was something awful. I tell you the whole place and half the customers mourned for Charlie."

"But Charlie was very old," I reminded him gently.

"True," he agreed and then brightened. "Eb is not young, but he is splendidly healthy. Oh, my yes!"

I paused to speak with Eb at the close of the pictures, when I left that day. "Keep healthy, old fellow," I admonished him softly. "There's going to be a heap of mourning hereabouts when you skip off to cat heaven."

He blinked—that was all. Yet, I'm certain he is fully aware of his great responsibility.



Rabbits can look behind and in front at the same time.

Eye Oddities

By George S. Lookabaugh

SOME of the most interesting types of eyes are to be found in the realm of wildlife.

Since the elephant is one of our largest land animals it would be a logical guess to attribute it with having the largest eyes of all the land animals, but the horse prances away with that record.

Then along swims the whale proudly holding the record of having the largest eyes of all animals. Upon closer observation it is also found that the whale's right eye is somewhat larger than the left one.

Bringing the eye discussion down to a fine point the largest eye found on land does not belong to an animal, but to that long-legged bird, the ostrich.

Br'er rabbit has eyes which enable him to see behind as well as in front without moving his head. Overlapping fields of vision make this possible and is a safety asset to Br'er.

Most night-roaming animals have eyes that shine in the dark, but animals active mostly during the daylight hours, like rabbits, possess non-luminous eyes.

The pupils of a wolf's eyes are oblique slits.

Sailfish have eyes which have triangular pupils.

The first noticeable thing of something being different about the solitary frog is its eyes. They are a bright yellow and have two black lines crossing each pupil at right angles.

That night rambler, the owl, needs only one-tenth to one-hundredth of the amount of light needed by man to see objects.

Ancient Buddhists chose the fish as a symbol of watchfulness against temptation because the eyes of fish are never closed. The reason is because fish have no eyelids.

Outsmarted by a Burro

By Anne Evans Bancroft

A MAN who had mining interests in Colorado told me this true story.

High up on the side of a mountain is the shaft opening to a gold mine and grouped around it is a camp where the miners live. They have to be supplied from the stores at the foot of the mountain.

Every day the men there loaded twenty burros with supplies and sent them up the trail to the camp at the top of the mountain where they were unloaded and sent back down the trail. Every day nineteen came back without their packs but one was always still loaded.

Then telephone arguments were held between the men at the mine and those at the supply shed.

"What's the matter with you fellows? Can't you count? Why don't you unload all the burros we send up?"

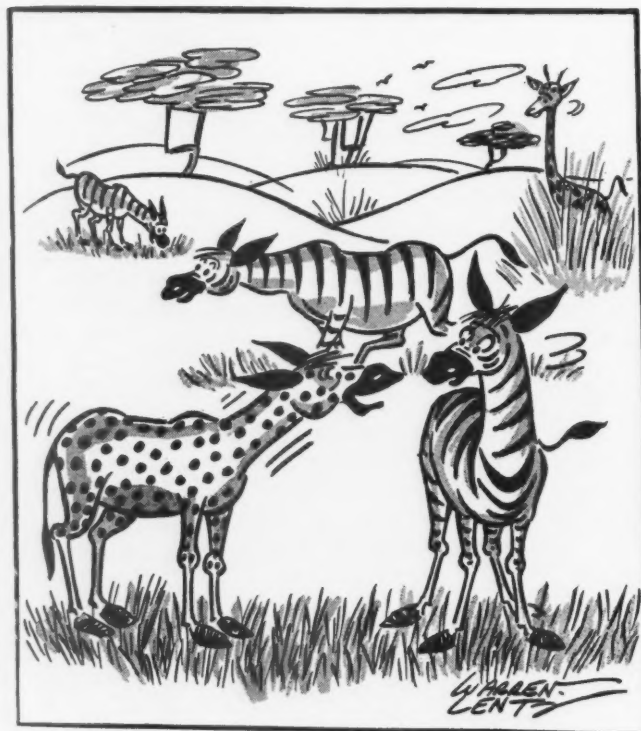
"What are you giving us? Of course we can count. We did unload every burro. Every single one."

"You didn't!"

"We did!"

The controversy grew heated and acrimonious. Finally a man at the foot of the mountain started to investigate and give the men at the mine "what for." Both the gangs watched and counted and checked. This is what happened.

At the first zigzag turn of the trail, the burros were out of sight from the foot of the mountain. At this point one little burro dropped out of the procession and while the others toiled up the long, steep climb, he took his ease nibbling grass until the nineteen burros who had done their duty came by. Then the quitter joined the others and came into the camp looking completely blameless. He had not made that long, hard climb. Not he.



"I GOT TIRED WEARING STRIPES!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

ELEVEN years ago, "Happy" arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Truman Topper, of York, Pennsylvania. His most outstanding accomplishment, and one which provides endless amusement for the family, is his ability to open doors.

Happy is an all white cat—when not tattle-tale gray—and weighs about eight pounds. He has unusual eyes, as they are large and black, rather than the usual greenish-gray. He has a keen sense of hearing, and runs from any part of the house when the refrigerator door is opened, or the can opener is in operation.

The Topper home has some of its original door latches, installed when the house was built, in 1887. It is these latches that Happy has mastered.

Happy and his brother, "Sneezy," were brought from the animal shelter, in a colorful Mexican basket, when only a few weeks old. At first, it required the efforts of both kittens to open the door.

Happy would scramble up the door to the latch and hook his paw through it, and with the other paw, bang on the latch handle until it would release—with Sneezy busy at the bottom, butting his head, until the door would swing open. When the door swung inward, both kittens would strut in, very much pleased with their accomplishment. However, after Sneezy's death, Happy was forced either to remain in the back room, away from the family, or learn to open the door alone—he chose the latter. He now had to use all four paws. With one back foot on the door itself, and the other on the frame, he learned to bang on the latch and push on the door frame, at the same time. Had he learned to turn around and close the door, he might never have been discouraged in this trick, but he decided the hassock was more comfortable than his basket and started coming into the house at night, leaving the door from the storage room open; and the house swarming with flies.

The Toppers still laugh over the time a joke on Happy backfired. Happy is always on the alert for field mice, which sometimes get into a bottom cupboard. If anyone opens the door and calls, "Happy get the mousie," he runs to the cupboard and sniffs around. One evening, the Toppers were having a snack in the kitchen, and Mrs. Topper leaned down to the cupboard to tease a little. She called Happy to get the mouse, and to her horror and surprise, he did just that.

Happy is now stationed in the cellar as "Captain of the Potato Patrol," and to join the family he now has acquired an entirely new technique, to get the door open or attract the family's attention.

He climbs onto the stair railing, hooks his front paws over a little switch box and hangs on. The claws of the left back foot cling to the stair railing, with the right back paw he stumps on the latch. Although this door is not opened as easily, he continues to stump until he is lifted down.

When Mrs. Topper irons, Happy sits on the window sill and watches for a chance to lie on the warm ironing board, if she is called to the 'phone. He also has a fondness for sleeping on freshly ironed white shirts.

When coal is delivered he runs and hides for a day and sometimes two. His Pennsylvania Dutch appetite was discovered one day before a family picnic when Happy was discovered eating the pickled eggs.

Why jump when he stumps? Why spoil him completely? The Toppers decided after eleven years with Happy, it is much easier to submit to his wishes than to cope with his determination.

"Happy" Door Opener

By Mrs. Truman Topper



Here Happy has completed his climb and has stumped on the latch. His front paws are hanging on a switch box and the right hind paw is the one he uses to stump with, while the claws on his left foot keep a grip on the stair railing.

"Walyo," King of the Island

By Jean Vercher

WALYO," a dog of undetermined origin, but with a winning personality, enjoys the luxury of the tropical and picturesque isle of Ponape, in the South Pacific, as his private playground. And, more than that, he is the pride of the island and every home, both native and American, is open to him. In fact, a visit from Walyo is accepted as meaning—"you belong."

Each morning he would accompany me to my teaching duties at the native school; take his regular seat in the back of the classroom; appraise his fellow classmates with an "educated" look; and generally remain most attentive until recess. However, a straw hat within his reach, was a temptation and a challenge, and one that the actor in him could not resist. After glancing about the room he would proceed, ever so slowly, toward the object of his affections; pick it up gently and parade back and forth in front of the classroom. While this delighted my young pupils it caused Walyo to be excused from class for the balance of the day.

At lunch time he would pass from one child to another, sniffing the handkerchief which held lunches, and each would hold out some dainty morsel to tempt his appetite.

Now and then when the pressure of

learning weighed heavily, Walyo would dash down to the dock and join the first group of natives, leaving by canoe, for a visit to another part of the island. Sometimes he would return with this group or perhaps join another whose plans coincided more closely with his.

At the close of school each day, he could be found swimming in the lagoon with the native youngsters.

Walyo had a condition diagnosed as "jeep happy." When he tired of walking, he would sit by the side of the road and as a jeep approached he'd hold one paw in the air, indicating "Stop—I'm tired—want to ride."

Not to be outdone, Walyo, too, had a bout with the scourge of the Pacific, "fungus," and after his initial treatment he would trot to the dispensary each day; same time; for his medicine, until the doctor dismissed him as cured.

While he never revealed his uncanny way of knowing, no native feat took place on the island without Walyo being present and he could be depended upon to sit beside the high-ranking chiefs. His nonchalant manner merely said, "I belong here" and he was accepted.

This dog, of mixed ancestry, was the delight of the native children. During the children's Christmas party, Walyo had the idea that heading the procession



Waiting for a jeep ride.

was his right, and he sat, proud as a peacock, through the song fest. He was quite in favor of the party and seemed pleased with the arrangements, especially the reception accorded him by the children who shared their holiday eatables with him. There were even those who displayed their gifts for his approval.

A favorite greeting of the native children as they pass Walyo on the road is, "Hi, Walyo" and being a gentleman he graciously returns their greetings with a wag of his tail as he trots merrily on his way.

Turnabout

By Roy Anderson

IN the canton of Neuchatel in Switzerland, the use of dogs as beasts of burden is forbidden by law, whereas in the neighboring canton of Bern, one may frequently see the famous St. Bernards harnessed to small carts carrying farm produce. But when (as is often the case) a Bern farmer wishes to take his vegetables or milk to market in Neuchatel, he is stopped at the border. There his dog is unharnessed, and the farmer steps between the shafts. While the equipage is on the soil of Neuchatel, it is drawn by the farmer, his St. Bernard contentedly trotting alongside.

One might imagine the farmer's dog to be somewhat puzzled by this routine or smart enough to enjoy it.

Animals in the Forest

By Jasper B. Sinclair

THE influence of animaland is more far-reaching than you think. A variety of animals, birds, reptiles and even insects have their forest namesakes in some part of the world.

The locust, bird's-eye maple and horse chestnut trees will come readily to mind when you mention this sort of thing. So will the dogwood and monkey puzzle. But there are plenty of others to keep them company in woodland areas.

Tropical America claims a tiger tree, leopard tree, and eagle tree. The cow tree is a common United States species, while the beaver tree is just another name for the ordinary sweetbay found in many parts of this country. Elkwood is the commercial name for the wood of umbrella trees.

The alligator pear tree is one of several names for the avocado, while the buffalo tree is a reminder of the shaggy animals that once roamed the Midwest plains. Botanists will remind you, of course, that the world of plants has many additional animal namesakes.

These range from the tiger lily, foxglove and elephant's ear begonia to the cowslip, pussy willow and chick weed. For good measure you can add the buffalo berry, dog bane and catnip, as well as the elephant foot, tiger flower and crow's foot.

New Zealand can even contribute the dragon tree, named after the mythical monster that brought fame to St. George.

Bearing on Bears

THE bears of these United States may be divided into two classes: the brown and the black, which belong to the same family; and the silver-tip, or grizzly. There is no other animal which has so many diverse characteristics as the bear.

He is not a safe animal, neither is he a dangerous one. By that we mean that a bear is all right as long as he is left alone. He seldom, if ever, starts a fight except when wounded or teased. When aroused, the black or brown bear is a terrible fighter, but not half so formidable as a grizzly. The latter is one of the most ferocious animals known to man when he is out to kill something. It has been related that fourteen men on horseback had a terrific tussle with a grizzly bear. Then, again, it is possible to camp at night and have a grizzly walk almost over you without being disturbed. The aggressive nature of this bear is due rather to its curiosity than to its ferociousness.

The black and brown bears will usually run from the approach of man, except when they are in some Government game preserve, where they know that they are protected. Then they will often come up to a person to be fed. Bears never should be fed from the hand. It is far safer to throw the food to them.

One of the most interesting things about bears is their weight at birth. That is but ten ounces, and when one looks at a full-grown bear, sometimes nearly a thousand pounds in weight, this fact seems hard to believe. The cubs are well taken care of by the mother and they are certainly well behaved. Go to some feeding grounds in a game preserve and see a mother bear and her cubs come up. She will look around to see if everything is all right. If not, she will growl and the little cubs will run up a tree. When the coast is clear and the mother feels that everything is



safe, she will growl again and her offspring will come down the tree to the ground. And if they do not mind the mother! Swish, will go a paw, and the cub will receive a crack which he will never forget.

The eyesight of the bear is very weak. He cannot see a great distance away. Another characteristic of bruin is his dislike of the company of other animals, even of his own kind. The grizzly and the black bear never get along together. It has been known for one grizzly to chase as many as ten brown bears from a feeding place. Then, again, there will often be an old black bear who is cranky and who will fight a grizzly. However, the grizzly usually wins, although occasionally the black bear will turn out to be the victor.

In the winter, the grizzly and black bear hibernate, or sleep. The bear will go to his eight months' nap, fat and shaggy, and come out in the spring as lean as a rail and ill-tempered.

Bears are usually vegetarians, but when they are fed, they get accustomed to meat and this leads to their killing other animals, such as young elk and deer. This, however, does not often

occur, for bears and deer have been seen together with no harm being done to the latter. Nevertheless, bears are very fast on their feet. They can run as fast as a horse, if not faster. The grizzly, often reaching the stupendous weight of two thousand pounds, can run as fast as the black bear. Their front and back feet seem to be together when they are tearing across a plain. The grizzly, as a matter of fact, seems always to be running. He adopts a running gait, which gives that impression. The black bear walks slowly, wagging his head from side to side in search of food.

As may be assumed, both the grizzly and black bears are powerful animals. At Norris Ranger Station, the marks of a grizzly who hit a table are still to be seen. When they smell food, even though the aroma is coming from behind barred windows, these bears will rip the iron bars from their supports and enter.

One singular difference between the grizzly bear and the black bear is that the former cannot climb trees. The black bear has curved claws which help him in ascending, and descending, but the claws of the grizzly are straight.

Let's Visit the

Animal Fair

"The birds and the beasts are there."



Giraffe-Like Okapi

The Okapi, believe it or not, is like the giraffe in contour, although its neck is shorter and its legs, too, are shorter. This animal inhabits only the Ituri forest in the Belgian Congo section of Africa. It has a long, prehensile tongue and short horns covered by skin. Although it appears that no two Okapis are identical, in general, they have white faces, necks and bodies of glowing chestnut color and striped legs, much like the zebra. Living in the twilight of the deep forest, this coloring makes it almost invisible. Here the animal lives on leaves and fruit with only its sharp hooves as weapons.

Mister "Spiral Horn"

Yes, the animal in the picture below is actually a goat—the Wild Goat of Tibet. It lives in rocky country up to about 12,000 feet. As can be seen it is notable for its massive, up-standing, spirally twisted horns and its thick black beard.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Hunted For Its Plumage

Pictured to the left is an Egret, the elegant aristocrat of the heron family. The beauty of these birds almost caused their extinction. They were once slaughtered by the thousands so that their plumage might adorn women's hats. By 1900, few remained. Since then, however, protective laws have been passed, the egrets were saved and now are steadily increasing in number. The American Egret is smaller than the great blue heron, but because of its white plumage, it appears as large. During breeding season, it wears a train of about 50 narrow plumes that extend from between the shoulders to and beyond the tail. The Snowy Egret is about the same size as the little blue heron but has a black bill and black legs with yellow feet—"the bird with the golden slippers." During the breeding season, its exquisite plumes upon the head, neck, breast and back make it even more spectacular than the American Egret.

Unlovely But Useful

The California Vulture, or Condor, is the largest of the flying land birds. Its main food is carrion of all kinds and it can devour a dead cow in short order although its weight seldom exceeds thirty pounds. Brown or black with orange heads, these birds make their nests usually in caves, which they will defend against any intrusion.



"Mr. Blue," Right-Hand Man

By Ina Louez Morris

IT never failed. Let my husband and Uncle Oliver go away for a few days and something was sure to happen. Once, when I was alone, a cloudburst nearly swept the grove away.

It was with trepidation, therefore, that I watched them leave on what they solemnly declared was an important business trip.

At that time we owned some two thousand pullets which we had transferred, a few days earlier to the laying house. They were flighty in their new surroundings, afraid of everything. Furthermore, they had no idea that chickens are supposed to roost and at night they would crowd into corners, one on top of the other.

By forming a chain in bucket brigade manner, we met the situation rather well. I would lift a pullet from the floor, pass her to Uncle Oliver who would hand her to Jack to place on the roost. But with Jack and Uncle Oliver gone, the chickens seemed to sense the lack of authority and all my flattery and kind words were in vain. No matter how many times I'd put them on the roost, they'd hop down and make their way back to the heap in the corner.

"There certainly must be an easier way of doing this," I told myself and went to the house to call the County Agent.

He suggested a number of things, all of which were impractical at that time of night. "You might try placing the roosts on wire," he said, "or installing some sort of heating system. . . ."

We had plenty of smudge pots in the grove filled with oil. If heat was what the pullets needed, then they should have it, provided I could carry the heavy pots to the henery.

After a try at the pots, however, I concluded I was no Samson and went back to the coop to figure out something else. There were a couple of sacks of coke in the feed room and three or four coke burners somewhere in the grove.

By that time it was close to ten o'clock, but I got into the truck and circled the grove, locating two of the burners. Sweeping straw away from a spot on the cement floor, I set the burners down

and built a fire in them. Presently, the coop was as warm as toast and the pullets, making little cheeping sounds of contentment, left the corners and settled down around the fire.

It was then that I stopped suddenly, filled with apprehension. Suppose the straw which covered the floor a foot thick should become ignited! What could I do? If I put the fires out, the chickens would start crowding again and many would be smothered! After much thought, I decided to keep the fires going and to stay on guard with a garden hose handy.

If there is anything worse than a smelly chicken house in which to spend the night, I don't know what it is. Outside, the night was filled with strange, unfamiliar noises and the murder mystery I was trying to read, didn't help my jangled nerves any.

At long, long last, morning came. I put out the fires, spread feed for the chickens and toppled into bed.

It was past noon when I awoke, bleary-eyed and with a headache that topped all previous headaches. How I was to get through the day, much less a night like the one just past, I didn't know.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," I kept reminding myself cornily. "I'll have to find some other way of keeping the pullets warm, now that the coke is all gone."

A dozen plans suggested themselves, but all were about as practical as those proposed by the County Agent, so when evening came I was no nearer solving the problem than I had been earlier in the day.

The feeding over, I sat down on an inverted bucket to wait for the "girls" to amble into the hen house for the night. Mr. Blue came to sit beside me, his head on my knee, his eyes searching my troubled face.

"If they won't roost tonight," I told him, "I don't know what I'll do. We just can't afford to lose any more. . . ."

He stood up to lick my face and nibble at my ear. I petted him for a while and then it was dark enough to go to work.

As had happened on the previous nights, the pullets were piling up three



Mr. Blue, chicken breeder, waits eagerly for his evening chores.

deep on the floor. I took a broom and tried to separate them, but they only climbed higher onto the pile and, stay on the roosts when I put them there, they would not.

"I give up!" I cried in a temper of frustration. "See what you can do, Mr. Blue. Rout them out of there."

That was all the urging Mr. Blue needed. Like a blue streak he was everywhere at once, scattering chickens right and left. At first, they milled from corner to corner, then finding no peace on the floor, they flew to the protection of the roosts and settled down as though they had been doing that very thing every night of their lives.

In fifteen minutes, Mr. Blue had accomplished what it had taken the three of us to do in two hours, and which I alone had not been able to do at all.

That night Mr. Blue dined on beef steak and ice cream and when the men, coming home sooner than expected asked how I had got along, I said, "Oh, fine. With Mr. Blue's being a better farmhand than a couple of gallivanting poultry-men I won't mention by name, we were through in jig time."

It was a long time, however, before I could bring myself to tell them of the gruesome night spent in the hen house.

Dog On the Taxi

By Tom Farley

THE average dog owner feels that his pet is the cutest little canine trick who ever graced a leash. He'd like to show him off to the entire world. A few dog owners like Francis Barraud, the artist who painted the original of "His Master's Voice," famous Victor trademark, and Albert Staehle, whose Cocker Spaniel, "Butch," adorns *Saturday Evening Post* covers, have succeeded in sharing their pets with millions of people. But perhaps no other dog owner has ever placed his pet in the public eye in as unique a manner as Daniel Arnstein, president of a New York taxi company.

Mr. Arnstein has been in the taxi business in New York and Chicago for several decades. Some years back a friend presented him with a pure bred Dachshund puppy. "Wags," as Arnstein named the puppy, charmed his master so completely that Arnstein decided he would like to share him with his passengers. So about two years ago decalomania of Wags began to appear on the doors of the company's taxis.

As they came in for repair or as equipment was replaced, the number of taxis bearing Wags' picture increased until today, a good portion of Arnstein's 670 cabs carry the Dachshund symbol. The name of the company is now Wags Transportation System.

To illustrate a recent article on Manhattan, a national magazine used a picture of a taxi loading at Grand Central Terminal. The cab was one of the Wags fleet.

"That's the way it is," says Joseph Katel, general manager of the company, who shares his employer's enthusiasm for Wags. "It's like a national institution. People come to New York to ride in the taxi with the dog on the door."

Not long ago, a California visitor who had ridden in a Wags cab during her stay in New York wrote to the company, requesting a picture of Wags. She wanted to send it to her son, another Dachshund enthusiast. The company happily complied.

Sometimes Wags, in the flesh, visits the large midtown garage of the company that bears his name and likeness. It's apparent to everyone, of course, how his master feels about him and "Wags is a one-man dog, and always has been," one of Arnstein's employees puts it. "He's just the boss' dog, that's all."



Here is Smokey taking his ease in the sun, between trains.

The Mail Must Go Through

By Jeanne Galland

THE red and silver Golden State train tore through the little town of Mecca, California, about seventy miles per hour as the postal clerk pulled in the bag of mail off the rack and threw out the bag containing the mail for the little town. The mail messenger from the post office was ready to catch it, but sometimes the terrific force of the speed of the train caused it to be hurled a considerable distance. Then, mail messenger and a large white, short-haired dog with a half black face would both leap to secure it.

That dog's name was "Smokey" and he would stay by the mail bag until it was safely behind the locked doors of the post office. In between mail trains, Smokey could be seen sitting just outside the post office eyeing everyone who went in. He would wag his tail at friends and give strangers a suspicious look.

The most remarkable thing about him was that the mail carriers changed several times, but Smokey would always accompany the one who was performing the job. It seemed to be the safety of the mail that must have prompted him. Just how his canine mind knew when the trains were scheduled is a mystery to the townspeople. He set out to meet the train just a little while before it was due to arrive—before it could be seen or heard, by about two minutes. There

was one occasion when some trouble down the line caused the mail train to be about an hour or so later than it should have been, but at the time the train was due, another train chugged into the station.

This was the test; if Smokey only guessed at the trains and if he could hear them before we could, he surely would have thought that this was it. But, no! He did not move, but sat idly and watched it pass through, while the mail carrier went out to meet it—the latter not knowing at the time that the regular train had been delayed. An hour later, when the right train appeared, Smokey was on the spot to greet it, even before it showed up. He certainly had some sixth sense to guide him.

When he was five years old, our canine friend was wounded in action, while performing his self-appointed duties to the community. A truck struck him and broke his leg, as he was crossing the street to the tracks. The barber, whose shop is next to the post office, picked him up and cared for him. But in a matter of just a few days he was again running to the trains on three legs. In fact, for the remainder of his life he never regained the full use of that leg, but it never kept him from guarding the U. S. mail, which to him was the most important thing in the world.



Thomas McDermott and John C. Macfarlane (right) Director of our Livestock Loss Prevention Department stand in front of their booth ready for visitors.

Livestock Exhibit at Fair

By John C. Macfarlane, Director Livestock Loss Prevention

AT the annual Eastern States Exposition held recently in Springfield, Massachusetts, it was encouraging to note the marked interest that was shown in the model stockyards and loading platforms displayed in the booth of the New England Livestock Loss Prevention Association, presided over by John C. Macfarlane, our Director of Livestock Loss Prevention and Thomas McDermott, representative of the Animal Rescue League of Boston, working in close co-operation.

This exhibit was planned to show livestock breeders and dealers the proper methods of transporting animals to minimize bruising and crippling in transit and was held in co-operation with the national board.

Over 340,000 visitors viewed the models and all the available literature was exhausted long before the exposition ended. Visitors expressing keen interest in this subject were from New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, Iowa, Illinois, California and Canada. Both Mr. Macfarlane and Mr. McDermott were kept busy explaining the features of the exhibit and the aims of the Association and they were heartened by the enthusiasm and interest

shown. As an example, whole classes of Future Farmers of America stopped to ask detailed questions and jotted down notes for future use. Also, many practicing farmers made sketches of loading facilities, gates and other equipment for use on their own farms.

Over one hundred requests were received for models of breeding racks that would reduce injuries to cows and these were promised as soon as they could be constructed.

It was noteworthy that managers of two other fairs in Fryeburg, Maine, and Brockton, Massachusetts, asked that the exhibit be brought to their respective fairs next year.

Mr. Louis Webster, Director of the Division of Markets spent considerable time at the booth discussing various rules and regulations being adopted at present by the Department of Agriculture relative to bettering conditions at auction sales and in transportation by truck.

The success of the exhibit at the Exposition is a long step forward and shows definitely that our Livestock Loss Prevention Department, working with the New England Association, is making great strides in the prevention of suffering.

Society and

One In a Million

BY outliving his life insurance, Dr. Francis H. Rowley has created confusion among the statisticians. A search through insurance records reveals that similar cases are rare.

Henry M. Fraser, Jr., General Agent for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company in Boston, commenting on the unusual case, said, "The American insurance mortality table indicates that out of 100,000 persons living at age 10, three will still be alive at 95 and none at 96. Actually, of course, a few survive beyond 96 and still own life insurance. Dr. Rowley is really one out of a million and I heartily congratulate him."

This statement was occasioned by the turning over to Dr. Rowley of payment in full of the face value of his insurance because he has reached 96 years of age.



A beautiful tiger cat who stole a ride in the chassis of the car of Edward Greenman of Revere, became so tightly wedged that when it was discovered it was necessary to call the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Ambulance driver, John Blackburn, dispatched to the scene, rescued the animal and brought it to the Hospital.

Service News

Shows Attended

OUR agents have attended many horse shows, Gymkhannas, and exhibitions recently and have prohibited whipping, the use of sharp spurs and other forms of cruelty when encountered. One team of horses was laid up, because it was out of control due to whipping.

Rest Farm In Methuen

JOSEPH E. Haswell, Superintendent of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Rest Farm in Methuen, was a guest speaker recently over Station WLAU on the program "This is Greater Lawrence."

Interviewed by Frederick P. Laffey, producer-director of the program which is sponsored by the Pacific Mills, Mr. Haswell presented many facts and figures to emphasize the outstanding record of work accomplished by the Farm. He told his listeners that during the past year approximately 4,000 stray, injured and unwanted animals were either picked up by the farm ambulance or were brought to the Farm; homes were found for 350 animals; an average of 14 horses are on the Farm during the year, five of that number at present are retired Boston police horses. One hundred and fifteen small animals were interred in the Hillside Acre Animal Cemetery on the farm property, making a total of 2,500 burials on record.



Joseph E. Haswell, right, of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Rest Farm in Methuen, interviewed by Frederick P. Laffey on WLAU.



First Aid Class of Girl Scouts

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education

FROM time to time members of local Girl Scout organizations have visited our Society to ask questions leading to the attainment of the First Aid to Animals badge and cat and dog badge. When it was suggested to scout headquarters that the American Humane Education Society would be glad to sponsor an intensive course of two meetings for practical demonstrations and further education, there was an immediate response. The number of Girl Scouts registering for the course swamped our facilities so that a second series of meetings was necessary. Recently a group of Scouts and their leaders appeared with outlines of the course, together with pencils and notebooks, eagerly awaiting the greetings of Miss Mildred Donnelly, a teaching member of our staff. She pointed out the basic requirements to gain either one or both of these badges, the first and foremost being that a scout own, care for, and feed a pet for a given time without help from other members of the family.

Dr. Derwin W. Ashcraft and his assistant, Leon Wiczorek, of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, were introduced, together with an adorable beagle hound awaiting adoption. Dr. Ashcraft discussed the important diseases and injuries to which an animal is particularly susceptible. He showed how to approach an animal that has been injured

and how to apply a muzzle with cotton gauze or a scout handkerchief, for better handling of the animal and for protection. The group were fascinated as Dr. Ashcraft continued with the administering of liquid and tablet forms of medicine in the dog's mouth.

With all the interest and the many questions, the time for adjournment of the first meeting came all too soon. That the course was effective and filling a need was apparent, when at the next meeting there was not a single absentee of those who had attended the first meeting. Dr. Ashcraft continued on first aid to animals especially those suffering from cuts and bruises, severe bleeding, burns and scalds, fractured legs, shock, and hysteria.

Mr. Herman Dean of the prosecuting department gave a fine presentation of what the Society does at the rodeo, circus, riding schools, stockyards, and the investigation of complaints. He went on to discuss the local and state laws governing the treatment, use, and ownership of animals.

Then followed a visit to all departments of the hospital, including a ward of convalescing animals. From the expressions of dismay and sympathy it was evident the tour had made a great impression on the minds and hearts of these Girl Scouts. Proudly holding their certificates the group dispersed.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course we cannot promise to print everything received but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Wide World Photos

"Ben," a three-months-old English bull puppy, telling Virginia Frost all about his operation, when he had his tonsils removed at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Virginia tells him boys and girls have to have their tonsils out, too, and he will soon be all right again.

My Little Kitten

By Priscilla Spicer

My little kitten is sleek and fat,
She romps and plays the live long day.
Her mother's tail is a challenge.
The dog's thick fur another.
But when she's tired
She loves me best
My soft, cuddly kitten.

"Ergo" Wants To Paint

By Cathy I. Sherwood (Age 10)

MY mother is a doctor. I have a dog named "Ergo Von-waldboc," Ergo for short. He is a wire-haired dachshund. He has big feet and is close to the ground. They were painting the office and Ergo got into the paint. Then he walked around and left footprints all over.

I have a canary named "Pretty Birdy," and two fishes.

I love your *Our Dumb Animals* magazine. I hope you will put this letter in your book so all the other children can enjoy Ergo's joke like I did.

Orphan Kittens

By Dorothy Nelson (Age 13)

I HAVE just come to California this month and was looking for a kitten, and it seems someone must have known that. About two weeks ago, in the middle of the night, someone left two baby kittens on my sister's doorstep. They were all over fleas, very thin, and scared of everyone. My sister put flea powder on them and fed them so now they are very cute and not a bit afraid. I have named the gray one "Smokey" and the black one "Dusty."



Mary Constance Snyder tells her kitten, "Princess Acounta Cindrella," to smile for her picture.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Slice of Bread That Climbed a Tree

By Alice Boorman Williamson

OH, what a cold morning! Betty sat up in bed. She yawned and stretched. Then she remembered something nice—the snow! She hopped out of bed and into her red slippers, and skipped to the window to look at the snow.

"I love the snow, I love the snow!" she sang as she dressed. It had snowed two days before and now there was a fine, hard crust. "But it's not so nice for the poor birds," she thought. "I'll ask Mamma for some crumbs to feed them."

"Of course, darling," said her mother. "All the seed pods on the weeds are hidden under tufts of snow. All the little bugs are hidden, too. There's nothing for the birds to eat."

After breakfast, Betty crumbled a muffin while Mamma chopped up some suet.

Betty's home was a third-floor-back apartment in the city. There were several trees near the windows but their branches were high above the ground. The food must be put on the window sill or thrown down on the snow. There were always a great many birds around, and some squirrels too.

Mamma went over to open the kitchen window. She glanced out. What she saw surprised her so much that she called: "Betty, Betty, come quick!"

Betty ran to her side. "Why, Mamma," she gasped. "It's a slice of bread climbing a tree."

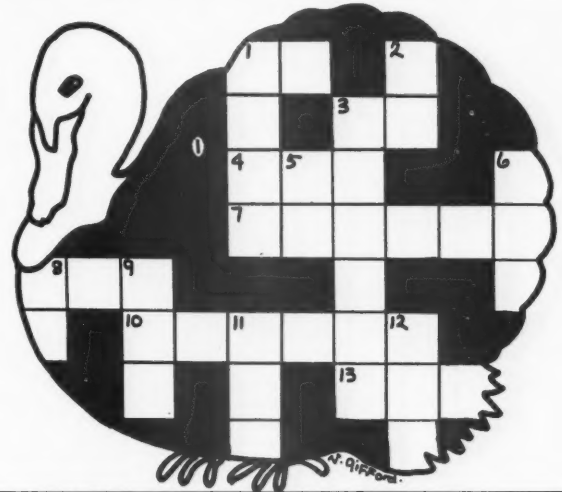
"That's what I thought," said Mamma, "but I couldn't believe it was true."

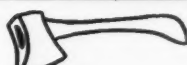



They stood spellbound, watching the strange sight. There, right before their astonished eyes, went a large slice of white bread, steadily climbing a tall trunk! It went up and up and UP; then stopped and began to jiggle around. And then they saw . . . Two little paws, and a little head with two bright eyes! Two rows of sharp teeth began to crunch the slice of bread! It was Master Bunny Squirrel, eating the breakfast that some kind person had put out for him this cold winter morning. He had carried it up the tree in his mouth. His gray fur was the same color as the bark and did not show. So it looked as if the bread were really taking a walk all by itself!



—Photo by Paul Bock

Stephen says "Hello" to the turkey gobblers down on the farm.



ACROSS	DOWN
1. 	1. SISTER OF ONE'S PARENT.
3. GREEN TRAFFIC LIGHT.	2. THEREFORE.
4. NEITHER.	3. 
7. AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.	5. AN EXCLAMATION.
8. 	6. TO REQUEST.
10. 	8. POST SCRIPT- ABBV.
13. TO PLACE.	9. AND SO FORTH.
	11. CEREAL.
	12. YEA.

Answer to turkey puzzle will appear next month.

What Bird Puzzle?

By Bertha R. Hudelson

What bird puts its big egg on
The back of its broad feet,
And there it lies for warmth beneath
Its feathers thick and neat?
This bird has never touched dry land;
Its home is where the snow
And ice last twelve long months;
It weighs ninety pounds, or so!

To find the name of this bird, take the bold letters and place them in the right order. Two words.

Answer: Emperor penguin.

Answer to Halloween Puzzle which appeared in the October issue: ACROSS—1. Witch, 6. Oat, 8. Ky., 10. Too, 12. Do, 15. Pumpkin, 17. Imp. DOWN—2. Ink, 3. Co., 4. Hat, 5. Bat, 7. To, 9. Yd., 11. Old, 13. Fur, 14. Ti, 16. No.

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"Lady" Pulls a Fast One

By Harris Holmes

YOUR eyes say you love me, but you still insist on using my favorite chair." The pleading eyes of my cocker spaniel tried just once more, but I hardened my heart and insisted on my rights as master of the house. So Lady jumped down and padded away disconsolately.

I settled myself comfortably with the evening paper, but pondered for a moment on this daily battle of ours. "Lady" and I loved the same chair, and it was a constant struggle as to who held the upper hand—or paw! It was the one spot where her utter devotion to me showed any wavering. She wanted that chair for her own, and I'm frank to admit that those limpid pleading eyes usually won out. "But not tonight," I muttered into my beard as I scanned the news.

It wasn't long before a little whine attracted my attention. Lady was on a stool by the window, intently gazing at something outside. When she sensed I was looking at her, she pressed her nose to the pane and whimpered as if something most interesting was out there.

I returned to my paper. Soon she scratched at the sill and gave a couple of short barks, and then looked over at me. That particular window faced on a side yard where no one was likely to pass by. I wondered what she could possibly be worried about. Again she whimpered and looked at me.

"O K, O K," I sighed, "we'll see what is bothering you." I laid my paper down and went to the window. There was absolutely nothing to be seen in any direction!

"What in the world are you fussing about," I said, glancing down at the stool. No Lady! She had made a bee line for the chair I had vacated. There she lay, her nose on her paws, eyes closed, the perfect picture of innocence.

"You tricked me!" I said, shaking my finger at her unheeding head. "There hasn't been anything outside that window for hours."

Without lifting her head from her paws, she raised one eye and looked straight at me for a long moment. Then heaving a small sigh, she snuggled more comfortably into the chair she had won by her wits.

Yes, Lady had won again.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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"Calendar of Animals" for 1951

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